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The Second Thought Sonnet

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by Anthony Balch

Shall I compare thee to a winter's day?
Thou art more frigid, what more need I say,
Lest I should profane the air that I breathe
With syllabled stuff foul natured and trite.
Besides that my tongue is not what I'd sheath
And since speaking feeds not my appetite,
I'll off to the tavern or brothel yet
To saturate sorrows of winter's ills
Pursuing goat pleasures,...curse heaven we met!
Think't not thy less, my wild bounty of thrills.
For who weeps for that thing which she deplores?
Think thou not upon't, I'll off to my whores.
(Yet in my mind, a monstrous fear there creeps,
What if her reward for another she keeps?)